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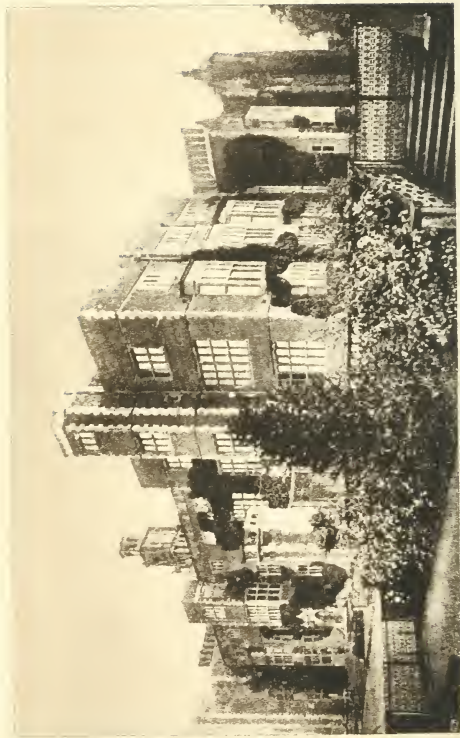
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Hatfield House - from the North-west.

(From a photograph)

THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

**The Taming of the Shrew**

EDITED BY

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OF VERMONT



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The Macmillan Company

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## Introduction

**Text.** — The earliest text of *The Taming of the Shrew* is found in the Folio of 1623. From this text, which is not infrequently corrupt, was printed, with a few corrections and many additional misprints, a Quarto for John Smethwicke in 1631. The text of the present edition is based upon that of the first Folio.

**Date of Composition.** — The date of *The Taming of the Shrew* is most uncertain. The usual external indications are entirely absent. There is no entry in the Stationers' Register, no early quarto, no immediate contemporary reference. That Shakespeare here adapted an older play, *The Taming of a Shrew*, aids us but little in the problem of date, as this earlier drama was probably known to the stage several years before the period of its first extant version, 1594. Our comedy is not mentioned in the famous list of Francis Meres in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, unless, as has been often suggested, it can claim the title, *Love's Labour's Won*. But such an identification is extremely hazardous. If we dismiss this conjecture, we are not, however, justified in pressing the negative argument of Meres's silence in favor of some date after 1598, as our play may have been intentionally omitted by him either because it conflicted with his desire to balance six comedies against six tragedies, or because it was not entirely from Shakespeare's hands. The tests of meter and language help us very slightly in fixing the date of a work

of such composite origin. The consensus of recent critical opinion would assign it to the period between 1594 and 1597.

*Sources of the Plot.* — *The Taming of the Shrew* represents a fusion of three distinct elements: an Induction in which a drunken tinker is persuaded that he is a mighty lord; a main plot in which a shrew is roughly wooed and bravely mastered; and an underplot full of the intrigue of Latin and Italian comedy. All these elements, duly blended, were ready for the master's hand in "A Pleasant Conceited Historie called *The Taming of a Shrew*," which is preserved to us in Quartos of 1594, 1596, 1607. Unlike other old plays from which Shakespeare wrought, *A Shrew* is no mean thing. Its forceful characterizations, effective situations, and ready give-and-take, won for its author the too eager superlatives of Swinburne, — "Of all the pre-Shakespeareans incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humorist" — perhaps over-praise for one whose style is so often stiff and cold and heavy. Who this writer was, we shall probably never know. Some point to this or that among Shakespeare's predecessors, Greene, Peele, Kyd, or whom not; others, greatly daring, to Shakespeare himself, either alone or with aid from Greene and Marlowe. The old playwright has surely some ten or twelve bits of Marlowe in him, flaunting these borrowings in season and out of season — often, indeed, so inaptly that not a few have deemed him parodist rather than imitator.

Shakespeare, working with *A Shrew* before him, infused new life into each of its parts. Slie of the earlier

Induction, a faint enough figure, becomes in his hands a full-blooded Warwickshire peasant, prattling of men and taverns and hamlets around Stratford; and the lord and his men are freed from their pompous Marlowesque diction. The older writer keeps these "presenters" in view throughout the play; Shakespeare abandons them when they have served their turn. In the story of the Taming all the characters except Katherina are named anew, and the scene is changed from Athens to Padua, yet all essential incidents are retained, — the arrival of the tamer, the wooing and departure, the lesson on the lute, the bridegroom's return for the wedding in ridiculous apparel, the enforced homeward journey, the scenes at the husband's home, the restraint put upon the shrew in matters of food and sleep and clothes, the lady's acquiescence in the misnaming of sun and moon, the breaking of a jest upon a chance companion, the wager on the wife's obedience, the surrender of the final speech. In three scenes — those of the homecoming, the denial of food, and the braving of the tailor — the relation of the two plays is so close that even verbal resemblances are many. Yet everywhere there is a gain in flow of verse, in fluency of dialogue, and in richness of character. To invert, with a few critics, these "understood relations" and to regard *A Shrew* as the copy, not the model, is to ignore all the probabilities of progressive workmanship.

In the treatment of the underplot of love intrigue, the author of this part of our comedy — whether Shakespeare or another — ranged far from his prototype. *A Shrew* had made some use of Ariosto's play, *I Suppositi*, —

acted at Ferrara in 1509, — through the medium of George Gascoigne's translation, *Supposes*, presented at Gray's Inn in 1566, but had resisted the appeals of many complex situations in this Italian drama. To their call the writer of our underplot responded fully. Rivalries and disguises, impostures and deceptions — the conventional motives of classical comedy — are reproduced with great skill, and stock types, pantaloon, pedant, and wily slave, are cleverly rewrought. From Gascoigne's list of persons Shakespeare borrowed the name of his tamer and the pseudonym "Licio." Two other names, those of Tranio and Grumio, he probably drew from the *Mostellaria* of Plautus.

**Authorship.** — Doubt was early cast on Shakespeare's authorship of certain portions of this play; and, though there are even now a few that ascribe all parts to him, it seems pretty well settled among the critics that, while the Induction and the main plot of Petruchio and Katherina are certainly Shakespeare's, the underplot of Bianca's lovers is mainly the work of another. This conclusion is based on the evidence not only of characterization and dramatic structure, but also of such internal marks of style as metrical peculiarities and nonce-usages. It finds perhaps its best expression in the words of Grant White: "A play in Shakespeare's day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one; each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved or occasion required; and Shakespeare's own company was, of course, not an exception to the general rule. Our



*Taming of the Shrew* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands, at least, are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a co-laborer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humor, and the rich verbal coloring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Katharina and Petruchio and Grumio are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play."

Later scholars freely admit the presence of another hand than Shakespeare's in the Bianca intrigue, yet favor a theory, not of collaboration, but of an intermediate adaptation in which the underplot assumed its present form through a large use of the *Supposes*. The divisions of the play thus challenged are as follows:— I. i, ii; II. i. 1-168, 327-413; III. i, ii. 126-150; IV. ii, iv; V. i, ii. 186-189. Certain modifications of the general view have been recently registered. That Shakespeare was acquainted with the *Supposes* the name Petruchio, borrowed, as we have seen, from Gascoigne, clearly shows; and, that, even though the internal evidence against his single authorship be strong, he assisted in the planning of the Bianca scenes and in the welding of these with the main story, the happy union of the different elements renders highly probable.

*Other Versions of the Story.* — The story of the Induction, as old as that tale of “the golden prime of Good Haroun Alraschid,” “The Sleeper Awakened” in *The Arabian Nights*, is circumstantially related by Heuterus, *De Rebus Burgundicis* (about 1580), as a trick played about 1440 by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, at the expense of a drunkard in Brussels. This version soon became widely known in England, and survives in several reproductions — notably those in Grimestone’s englishing (1607) of Goulart’s *Thrésor d’histoires admirables et memorables* (1600?) and in Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) — but none of these English forms of the story of Heuterus antedates 1598. Warton in his *History of English Poetry* (Sect. LII) suggested as the immediate source of the Induction a version of the narrative of the deluded drunkard which he had himself seen, among the books of William Collins at Chichester, in “a collection of short comic stories in prose” from the hand of Richard Edwardes in 1570. No copy of this black-letter book is extant; but a part of it may be preserved in a fragment entitled *The Waking Man’s Dream*, which stands, however, at the same advanced stage of the story as the ballad upon this subject in Percy’s *Reliques*. Matter is nothing here, manner is all; and the *Shrew* comedies, in their development of this story of the Tinker, illustrate delightfully the artistic triumph that is always won by skilful elaboration of an old motif.

Taming stories, not unlike the central idea of our play, are known in the East and are found less far afield in the German of Hans Sachs, in Spanish fiction of Shakespeare’s

day, in the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola, and in a much closer parallel, a folk-tale of Jutland. A sixteenth-century English version still exists, — the savage verse tale of *A Shrewd and Curst Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin*, wretched doggerel, printed about 1550 and mentioned in Robert Laneham's famous letter of 1575. Such are the analogues of our boisterous comedy, — in each of them the bare theme, unclothed with the lively zest that imparts humorous interest.

*Relations to Contemporary Drama.* — In addition to its large debt to *A Shrew*, Shakespeare's comedy has points of contact with other plays of the period. The Latin lesson (III. i) may be borrowed from a like scene in Wilson's *Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (1590), which also furnishes parallels to *The Merchant of Venice*. Our play or its predecessor may have been in the mind of Thomas Dekker, when, in the comedy of *Patient Grissel*, written in company with Chettle and Haughton as early as 1590, he not only indicates through his Marquis "How easily a man may tame a shrew," but in his fifth act registers his protest against such a victory over a brawling scold as that of Petruchio. Henslowe's diary of 1602 shows clearly that Dekker afterwards treated the Taming theme in "a comody called a medyson for a curste wiffe" — how we can only guess. The theme was evidently dear to Dekker, for he used it yet again as a minor motif in *The Honest Whore*. The strongest protest against the tamer's triumph was to come from that one of Shakespeare's fellows who is most closely associated with the work of his later time, John Fletcher. His comedy, *The*

*Woman's Prize or the Tamer Tamed* (before 1622), turns the tables completely on Petruchio. In Fletcher's hands the jolly wooer, so firm of purpose, becomes a sorry figure. Though haunted by memories of his dead wife, Katherina, whose shrewishness alone survives in his dreams, he weds a second, Maria, who leads him a very devil's dance and by sundry outrages brings him cowed to heel. This parody fails utterly of its larger purpose by winning sympathy for the poor puppet in the toils of the fiend's grandam, and by missing all probability in its dénouement; but it seems, in its own time and place, to have aroused much laughter. "Likt," is Sir Henry Herbert's comment upon a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* before Charles and his queen, November 26, 1633. "Very well likt" is the meed of Fletcher's comedy, when acted in the royal presence just two nights later.

Shakespeare's play has inspired many dramatists; among them Fletcher himself in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* (1624), Bullock in *The Cobbler of Preston* (1716), and Tobin in the Drury Lane comedy of *The Honeymoon* (1805).

**Stage History.** — After the Restoration our play was recast by John Lacy, the actor, under the title of *Sauny the Scot*. In this adaptation Petruchio was brought to England — as indeed he had been in *The Woman's Prize* — and was provided, in the place of Grumio, with a Scotch servant, whose name, "Sauny," may have been suggested by the "Sander" or "Saunder" of *A Shrew*. The broad provincialisms and buffooneries of "the best part," as Pepys deemed the servant's rôle, when he saw Lacy's

revision in Drury Lane, April 9, 1667, dominate the production; comedy becomes farce, poetic speech is weakened to flat commonplace, the vivid dialogues are sadly marred, and the Induction is omitted. Yet this execrable adaptation — “A silly play and an old one,” was Pepys’s second impression (November 1, 1667) — held the boards for nearly fifty years and passed through three editions after 1698. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the comedy suffered a second garbling, this time at the hands of a far greater actor than Lacy, David Garrick. His *Catherine and Petruchio*, which was first presented in 1754, easily reduces the original to the compass of three acts by omitting the underplot as well as the Induction. “Bianca lost her lovers and the play its drunkard.” The revision thus gained in unity certainly, but only by sacrificing what is far more precious, variety of motives and hence the relief that the scenes of boisterous humor demand. Garrick’s version was long-lived, enduring in England even after the London revivals of the original from 1844 to 1847, and occupying the American stage in Edwin Booth’s alteration until January 18, 1887, when Augustin Daly revived Shakespeare’s own play with John Drew and Ada Rehan in the chief rôles. The best English interpreters of the parts of Petruchio and Katherine are undoubtedly the Bensons.

The comedy became known very early to the German public. Acted by gymnasium students at Zittau in 1658, it assumed a more lasting form in 1672 in *Kunst über alle Künste ein böses Weib gut zu machen*, which, as Cohn has noticed, offers many points of connection with other plays

from the library of "the English comedians." In 1705 Christian Weise chose the same subject for his dull comedy, *Die böse Catharina*, evidently based upon the earliest German version of the play which he had seen in his own town of Zittau, but displaying some first-hand knowledge of the English source. In recent years *The Taming of the Shrew* (*Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*) has been presented in Germany more than any other of Shakespeare's comedies. The arrangement of the play as a comic opera with the music of Hermann Goetz was popular thirty years ago in Germany, England, and America. To the French the comedy has never appealed.

**Style and Structure.** — In *The Taming of the Shrew* is little of the charm of phrase that delights us in Shakespeare's other comedies, small measure indeed of "the beautiful style that does him honor" elsewhere. But the diction is everywhere lucid, in the unsuspected portions fresh and unconventional, and, particularly in the Induction, apt and fluent. Despite the wealth of word-play in every part, the characteristic jestings over conceits at the end of the fourth act, the half-mockery of sugared speech and swelling rhythm in the baiting of Sly by lord and servants, the comedy is one of humorous situation rather than of witty wording. There could be no greater contrast to the nimble thrust and parry of wits between Beatrice and Benedick than the violent contests of Katherina and Petruchio. "Rough and boisterous," the play has been rightly called; and it is pleasant to mark how greatly the broad English humor of the lines of the main plot is heightened, on the one hand, by juxtaposition with the

stock intrigues of Italian comedy, and is preserved, on the other, from the motiveless extravagance of sheer farce by the consciousness of a serious purpose in all the tumult. If the two stories of the play are as far asunder in tone and temper as in origin, there is wise design in this vivid contrast, and a high degree of artistic skill in the dexterous blending of such seemingly incongruous elements. Sisterly relations offer a common background; the schemes of the rival lovers bide the outcome of Petruchio's wooing, to which their self-interest has given the spur; contact between the two plots is preserved throughout by the shifting of persons; and the unlike tales are merged most effectively in the final scene.

*Interpretation.* — Whether *The Taming of the Shrew* is read in the half-light of early analogues or in the full blaze of modern sentiment and susceptibilities, its success as an achievement becomes immediately apparent. Its dominant motif, the subordination of women, can be so easily rendered boorish and brutal, that our largest wonder is at Shakespeare's escape from an ugly pitfall into which his clumsier fellows blundered. How are he and his audience saved? Not simply because the dramatist has been lavish of gifts to his shrew, endowing her with youth, wealth, and beauty. On the contrary, if we are once permitted to be dazzled by her charms to the extent of sympathizing with her fate, the cause of the husband is lost with us. Not merely because the poet has created in Petruchio a manly man, lord of himself and hence lord of others. The masterfulness of an inflexible will may speedily become repellent. The secret of Shakespeare's tri-

umph lies in this, that the tamer has no touch of malice in him, but an unvarying good nature that ever keeps him well this side of grimness; that his wildest words and acts are dictated not by cruel whim, but by the resolute purpose of a confident spirit; that behind his pretensions of "reverent care" of Kate is strongly intrenched a very real desire for her lasting good. All this is true, but there is something more. Physical privations and vexatious contradictions, all awirl, serve the tamer's turn, but they win no lasting victory. We are many happy leagues away from the dreary badgering and bullying of Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*. Katherina is overcome, not because her spirit is subdued through her body, but because her reason teaches her that Petruchio, by his every act, is holding up to her a mirror which reveals the exaggerations and distortions of her defects. When she recoils in disgust from these images, the shrew is fully tamed.





The Taming of the Shrew

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A LORD.  
 CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.  
 Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts-  
 men, and Servants. } Persons in the Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.

GREMIO, }  
 HORTENSIO, } suitors to Bianca

TRANIO, }  
 BIONDELLO, } servants to Lucentio.

GRUMIO, }  
 CURTIS, } servants to Petruchio.

A Pedant.

KATHERINA, the shrew, }  
 BIANCA, } daughters to Baptista.

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*]

# The Taming of the Shrew



## INDUCTION

### SCENE I

[*Before an alehouse.*]

*Enter Hostess, and beggar, Christophero Sly.*

*Sly.* I'll pheese you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues.  
Look in the chronicles; we came in with Rich-  
ard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*; 5  
let the world slide; sessa!

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have  
burst?

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy!  
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the  
thirdborough. [Exit.]

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer

him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let 14  
 him come, and kindly. *Falls asleep.*

*Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with  
 his train.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,  
 Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd ;  
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
 At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault ? 20  
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*1. Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;  
 He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.  
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog. 25

*Lord.* Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,  
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
 But sup them well and look unto them all ;  
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*1. Hun.* I will, my lord. 30

*Lord.* What's here ? One dead, or drunk ? See, doth  
 he breathe ?

*2. Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd  
 with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !  
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !  
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. 36

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
 Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his  
 fingers,  
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40  
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1. *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2. *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he  
 wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.  
 Then take him up and manage well the jest. 45  
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.  
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,  
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.  
 Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50  
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;  
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight  
 And with a low submissive reverence  
 Say, "What is it your honour will command?"  
 Let one attend him with a silver basin 55  
 Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers ;  
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
 And say, "Will't please your lordship cool your  
 hands?"

Some one be ready with a costly suit  
 And ask him what apparel he will wear. 60  
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease.  
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;  
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams,  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord. 65  
 This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs.  
 It will be pastime passing excellent,  
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1. *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part  
 As he shall think by our true diligence 70  
 He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently and to bed with him ;  
 And each one to his office when he wakes.  
 [*Some bear out Sly.*] *Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.  
 [*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means, 75  
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

*Re-enter Servingman.*

How now ! who is it ?

*Serv.* An't please your honour, players  
 That offer service to your lordship.

*Enter Players.*

*Lord.* Bid them come near. Now, fellows, you are  
 welcome.

*Players.* We thank your honour. 80

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

*A Player.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.  
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well. 85  
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part  
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

*A Player.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true ; thou didst it excellent.  
Well, you are come to me in happy time, 90  
The rather for I have some sport in hand  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night ;  
But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour, — 95  
For yet his honour never heard a play, —  
You break into some merry passion  
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile he grows impatient.

*A Player.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain our-  
selves, 100

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one.  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

*Exit one with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, 105  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady.  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;  
And call him madam, do him obeisance.

Tell him from me, as he will win my love,  
 He bear himself with honourable action, 110  
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished ;  
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do  
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,  
 And say, "What is't your honour will command,  
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife 116  
 May show her duty and make known her love?"  
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses.  
 And with declining head into his bosom,  
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120  
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him  
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.  
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears, 125  
 An onion will do well for such a shift,  
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd  
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

*Exit a Servingman.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-  
 ter



When they do homage to this simple peasant. 135  
I'll in to counsel them ; haply my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

[*A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*]

*Enter aloft the drunkard [Sly, richly dressed,] with Attendants ; some with apparel, basin and ewer, and other appurtenances ; and Lord [like a servant].*

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1. *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2. *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3. *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly ; call not me honour 5  
nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life ;  
and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment  
I'll wear ; for I have no more doublets than  
backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no 10  
more shoes than feet ; nay, sometime more  
feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes  
look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !

O, that a mighty man of such descent, 15  
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not  
 I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton  
 heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card- 20  
 maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now  
 by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian  
 Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know  
 me not. If she say I am not fourteen pence on  
 the score for sheer ale, score me up for the ly- 25  
 ing'st knave in Christendom. What! I am  
 not bestraught. Here's —

*3. Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn !

*2. Serv.* O, this is it that makes your servants droop !

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your  
 house, 30

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment  
 And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee, 35

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride ? Thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking ? Thou hast hawks will

soar

45

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*1. Serv.* Say thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as  
swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.      50

*2. Serv.* Dost thou love pictures ? We will fetch  
thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.      55

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3. Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,  
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,      61  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord.  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.      65

1. *Serv.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee  
 Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,  
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;  
 And yet she is inferior to none.
- Sly.* Am I a lord ? And have I such a lady ? 70  
 Or do I dream ? Or have I dream'd till now ?  
 I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak,  
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.  
 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed  
 And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly, 75  
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;  
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2. *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your  
 hands ?  
 O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !  
 O, that once more you knew but what you are ! 80  
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;  
 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
- Sly.* These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.  
 But did I never speak of all that time ?
1. *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words. 85  
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,  
 And rail upon the hostess of the house,  
 And say you would present her at the leet  
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd  
 quarts. 90  
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

*3. Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,    95  
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,  
And twenty more such names and men as these  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends !

*All.* Amen. 100

*Enter [the Page as a] lady, with attendants.* —

*Sly.* I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Page.* How fares my noble lord ?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife ?

*Page.* Here, noble lord ; what is thy will with her ? 105

*Sly.* Are you my wife and will not call me husband ?

My men should call me "lord" ; I am your good-  
man.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and hus-  
band,

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well. What must I call her ? 110

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else : so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd  
And slept above some fifteen year or more. 115

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.  
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 120  
To pardon me yet for a night or two,  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set ;  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed. 125  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so  
long. But I would be loath to fall into my  
dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite  
of the flesh and the blood. 130

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. 135  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.



## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I

[*Padua. A public place.*]

*Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd 5  
With his good will and thy good company,  
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10  
Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd, 15  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds ;  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20



Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* *Mi perdonato*, gentle master mine,      25

I am in all affected as yourself ;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,      30  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,  
Or so devoted to Aristotle's checks  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk.      35

Music and poesy use to quicken you.  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves  
you ;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.      40

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.      45  
But stay a while, what company is this ?

*Tra.* Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter Baptista, Katherina, Bianca, Gremio, a pantaloon, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;  
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50  
 Before I have a husband for the elder.

If either of you both love Katherina,  
 Because I know you well and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* [*Aside.*] To cart her rather ; she's too rough for  
 me. 55

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

*Kath.* I pray you, sir, is it your will  
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

*Hor.* Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? No mates  
 for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

*Kath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.  
 I-wis it is not half way to her heart ;  
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool  
 And paint your face and use you like a fool. 65

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord !

*Tra.* Hush, master ! here's some good pastime toward.  
 That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see 70



I will be very kind, and liberal  
 To mine own children in good bringing up ;  
 And so farewell. Katherina, you may stay ; 100  
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. *Exit.*

*Kath.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ?  
 What, shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,  
 I knew not what to take, and what to leave ?  
 Ha ! *Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts 106  
 are so good, here's none will hold you. Their  
 love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may  
 blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out.  
 Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell ; 110  
 yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I  
 can by any means light on a fit man to teach  
 her that wherein she delights, I will wish him  
 to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I 115  
 pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet  
 never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,  
 it toucheth us both, that we may yet again  
 have access to our fair mistress and be happy  
 rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect 120  
 one thing specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray ?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her  
 sister.

*Gre.* A husband ! a devil.

Sc. I      The Taming of the Shrew

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience 130  
and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her 135  
dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth 140  
friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. 145  
How say you, Signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. 15'

*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio*

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

- Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
 I never thought it possible or likely ;  
 But see, while idly I stood looking on, 155  
 I found the effect of love in idleness ;  
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
 That art to me as secret and as dear  
 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,  
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 160  
 If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;  
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
- Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now ;  
 Affection is not rated from the heart. 165  
 If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so,  
 "*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*"
- Luc.* Gramercies, lad, go forward ; this contents.  
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
- Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170  
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
- Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
 That made great Jove to humble him to her  
 hand,  
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
- Tra.* Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how  
 her sister 176  
 Began to scold and raise up such a storm  
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?



*Luc.* *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full.  
 We have not yet been seen in any house,  
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces 205  
 For man or master. Then it follows thus :  
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house and port and servants, as I should.  
 I will some other be, some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 210  
 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak.  
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. 215  
 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient, —  
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting,  
 "Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,  
 Although I think 'twas in another sense, — 220  
 I am content to be Lucentio,  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves ;  
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded  
 eye. 225

*Enter Biondello.*

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you  
 been ?



*Bion.* Where have I been! Nay, how now!  
where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio  
stolen your clothes? or you stolen his? or  
both? Pray, what's the news? 230

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his; 235  
For in a quarrel since I came ashore  
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried.  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir! ne'er a whit. 240

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him; would I were so too!

*Tra.* So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish  
after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest  
daughter. 245

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,  
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of  
companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, 250  
that thyself execute, to make one among these  
woers. If thou ask me why, sufficeth, my  
reasons are both good and weighty. *Exeunt.*

*The presenters above speak.*

*1. Serv.* My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the  
play. 255

*Sly.* Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,  
surely ; comes there any more of it ?

*Page.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam  
lady ; would 'twere done ! 260

*They sit and mark.*

## SCENE II

*[Padua. Before Hortensio's house.]*

*Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua, but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say. 5

*Gru.* Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? Is  
there any man has rebus'd your worship ?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what am I,  
sir, that I should knock you here, sir?      10

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome. I should  
knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?      15

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

*He wrings him by the ears.*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter Hortensio.*

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter? My old      20  
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petru-  
chio! How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato*      25  
*signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.  
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave  
his service, look you, sir. He bid me knock      30  
him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit  
for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps,

for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?  
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,  
Then had not Grumio come by the worst. 35

*Pet.* A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake  
you not these words plain, "Sirrah, knock me 40  
here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock  
me soundly"? And come you now with,  
"knocking at the gate"?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. 45  
Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the  
world 50

To seek their fortunes farther than at home  
Where small experience grows. But in a few,  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze, 55  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.  
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?      60  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel ;  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich  
And very rich. But thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we      65  
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd      70  
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;      75  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his  
mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry  
him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot  
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have      80  
as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why,  
nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife      85  
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
 Is that she is intolerable curst  
 And shrewd and froward, so beyond all meas-  
 ure 90

That, were my state far worser than it is,  
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.  
 Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;  
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud 95  
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
 An affable and courteous gentleman.  
 Her name is Katherina Minola,  
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;  
 And he knew my deceased father well.  
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you  
 To give you over at this first encounter, 105  
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour  
 lasts. O, my word, an she knew him as well as  
 I do, she would think scolding would do little  
 good upon him. She may perhaps call him half 110  
 a score knaves or so, why, that's nothing. An  
 he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll  
 tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little,  
 he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure

her with it that she shall have no more eyes to 115  
see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, 120  
And her withholds from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,  
That ever Katherine will be woo'd. 125  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca  
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katherine the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;  
That so I may, by this device, at least 135  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old  
folks, how the young folks lay their heads  
together! 140

Master, master, look about you! Who goes there, ha?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.  
Petruccio, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling and an amorous!

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perus'd the note. 145  
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound;  
All books of love, see that at any hand;  
And see you read no other lectures to her.  
You understand me? Over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality, 150

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd,  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself  
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you 155  
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,  
As firmly as yourself were still in place;  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning, what a thing it is! 160

*Gru.* O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista  
Minola. 165

I promis'd to inquire carefully





But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's  
name ;

You shall have me assisting you in all. 196

But will you woo this wild-cat ?

*Pet.* Will I live ?

*Gru.* Will he woo her ? Ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent ?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ? 200

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ? 205

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'  
clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ? 210

Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

*Gru.* For he fears none.

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors 215

And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.



Do me this right : hear me with patience.  
 Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240  
 To whom my father is not all unknown ;  
 And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;  
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have ; 245  
 And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,  
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head ; I know he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words ? 250

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

*Tra.* No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,  
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue  
 As is the other for beauteous modesty. 255

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;  
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me in sooth :  
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 261  
 And will not promise her to any man  
 Until the elder sister first be wed.  
 The younger then is free and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man 265  
 Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,



## ACT SECOND

### SCENE I

[*Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*]

*Enter Katherina and Bianca.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.

That I disdain ; but for these other gawds,

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment; to my petticoat ; 5

Or what you will command me will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best ; see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10

I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio ?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more. 16

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so ?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while.      20  
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

*Strikes her.*

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.  
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.      25  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

*Flies after Bianca.*

*Bap.* What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.      30

*Exit Bianca.*

*Kath.* What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband.

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep      35

Till I can find occasion of revenge.      [*Exit.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio with [Hortensio as a musician; and] Tranio, with his boy [Biondello] bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save 40  
you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a  
daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly. 45

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine, 55

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:

His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60





gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger.  
May I be so bold to know the cause of your  
coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,  
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90  
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.  
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
This liberty is all that I request, 95  
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
And free access and favour as the rest ;  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name ; of whence, I pray ?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa ; by report 105  
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.  
Take you the lute, and you the set of books.  
You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within !

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my daughters ; and tell them both, 110

These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,  
Biondello following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, 115  
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death the one half of my lands,  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, 125  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud minded;  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.  
Though little fire grows great with little wind, 135  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;

So I to her, and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend ! why dost thou look so  
pale ?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier. 146

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

*Hor.* Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

“Frets, call you these ?” quoth she ; “I'll fume  
with them ;”

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while, 156

As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;

While she did call me rascal fiddler

And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so. 160

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.  
O, how I long to have some chat with her !

*Bap.* Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.  
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ; 165  
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

*Pet.* I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I will  
attend her here,  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes. 170  
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.  
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word, 175  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week.  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180  
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.  
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter Katherina.*

Good morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I  
hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me Katherine that do talk of me. 185

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates, and therefore, Kate, 190  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;  
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. 195

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time. Let him that mov'd  
you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Kath.* A join'd-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light —

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch; 205  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be! should — buzz!

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too  
angry.      210

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.      215

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tales: and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come  
again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman —

*Kath.* That I'll try.

*She strikes him.*

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.      221

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!      225

*Kath.* What is your crest? A coxcomb?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so  
sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face ? 235

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares. 240

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and  
sullen, 245

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time  
flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ask-  
ance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate like the hazel-twigg 255





Here comes your father. Never make denial ;  
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

*Bap.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my  
daughter ?

*Pet.* How but well, sir ? How but well ?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss. 285

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katherine ! In your  
dumps ?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter ? Now I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus. Yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ; 296  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity ;  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio ; she says she'll see thee hang'd  
first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding ? Nay, then, good night  
our part !

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?      305

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss      310

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. 315

Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say; but give me your hands,

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.      321

*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings and things and fine array;      325

And kiss me, Kate, "we will be married o' Sunday."

*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina [severally].*

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.      330

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

Now is the day we long have looked for. 335

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can  
guess.

*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back ! 'Tis age that nourisheth. 341

*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound this  
strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he of both  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower 345  
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ; 350  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,  
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl, 355  
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass and all things that belongs  
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,      360  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me.      365  
I am my father's heir and only son.  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;      370  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land !  
(My land amounts not to so much in all,)      375  
[*Aside.*]

That she shall have ; besides an argosy  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great argosies, besides two galliases      380  
And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure  
her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou off'rest next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have off' red all, I have no more ;  
 And she can have no more than all I have.  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine. 385

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the  
 world,

By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best ;  
 And, let your father make her the assurance,  
 She is your own ; else, you must pardon me, 390  
 If you should die before him, where's her  
 dower ?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil. He is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old ?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,  
 I am thus resolv'd : on Sunday next you know  
 My daughter Katherine is to be married. 396

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;  
 If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not. 401  
 Sirrah young gamester ; your father were a  
 fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age  
 Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy !  
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. 405

*Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty withered hide !  
 Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.  
 'Tis in my head to do my master good.  
 I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio  
 Must get a father, call'd "suppos'd Vincentio" ; 410  
 And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly  
 Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.  
*Exit.*



## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I

[*Padua. Baptista's house.*]

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir.  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal ?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony. 5  
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd ! 10  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain ?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine. 15

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20





*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

[*Aside.*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 50

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt. 55

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave a while.

My lessons make no music in three parts. 60

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,

[*Aside.*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering, 65

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [Reads.]

“*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,

*A re*, to plead Hortensio’s passion.

*B mi*, Bianca, take him for thy lord,      75

*C fa ut*, that loves with all affection.

*D sol re*, one clef, two notes have I.

*E la mi*, show pity, or I die.”

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice, 80

To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
books

And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters both ; I must be gone. 85

[*Exeunt Bianca and Messenger.*]

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks he looks as though he were in love ;

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,      90

Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

## SCENE II

[*Padua. Before Baptista's house.*]

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca,  
[Lucentio,] and others, attendants.*

*Bap.* [*To Tranio.*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed  
day,

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom when the priest attends 5

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart

Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen, 10

Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, 15

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the

banns,

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine,

And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,

If it would please him come and marry her!" 20

*Tra.* Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word.  
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;  
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.      25

*Kath.* Would Katherine had never seen him though !  
*Exit weeping [followed by Bianca and others].*

*Bap.* Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep ;  
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master ! news, [old news,] and      30  
 such news as you never heard of !

*Bap.* Is it new and old too ? How may that be ?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's  
 coming ?

*Bap.* Is he come ?      35

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then ?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here ?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am and sees you      40  
 there.

*Tra.* But say, what to thine old news ?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and  
 an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches thrice

turn'd ; a pair of boots that have been candle- 45  
 cases, one buckled, another lac'd ; an old  
 rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury,  
 with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with two  
 broken points ; his horse hipp'd with an old  
 mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, be- 50  
 sides, possess'd with the glanders and like  
 to mose in the chine, troubled with the  
 lampass, infected with the fashions, full of  
 windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the  
 yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd  
 with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, 55  
 sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-  
 legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit and a  
 head-stall of sheep's leather which, being  
 restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath  
 been often burst and now repaired with knots ; 60  
 one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's  
 crupper of velure, which hath two letters for  
 her name fairly set down in studs, and here  
 and there piec'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him ? 65

*Bion.* O, sir, his lackey, for all the world capari-  
 son'd like the horse ; with a linen stock on one  
 leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other,  
 gart'ed with a red and blue list ; an old hat  
 and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't 70  
 for a feather : a monster, a very monster in



How does my father? Gentles, methinks you  
frown ; 95

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. 101  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival !

*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, 105  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress ;  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes.  
Go to my chamber ; put on clothes of mine. 115

*Pet.* Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with  
words.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120





We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
 The narrow prying father, Minola,  
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio,  
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

150

*Re-enter Gremio.*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you ? 'Tis a groom indeed,  
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. 155

*Tra.* Curster than she ? Why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him !

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio ; when the priest 160  
 Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he ; and swore so loud,  
 That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book ;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a  
 cuff 165

That down fell priest and book, and book and  
 priest.

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

*Tra.* What said the wench when he rose again ?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd and  
 swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face, 175

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack 180

That at the parting all the church did echo.

And I seeing this, came thence for very shame,

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. 185

*Music plays.*

*Re-enter Petruchio, Katherine, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio [Grumio, and Train].*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 190

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come.

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
 And, honest company, I thank you all 195  
 That have beheld me give away myself  
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.  
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
 For I must hence ; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner. 200

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay ?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay ;  
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. 205

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse.

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten  
 the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,  
 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ; 210

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, 215

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O Kate, content thee ; prithee, be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work. 220

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her. 225

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor

fret ; 230

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare, 235

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate ; 240

I'll buckler thee against a million.

*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina [and Grumio].*

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? 245

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-  
groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast. 250

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's  
place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT FOURTH

### SCENE I

[*Petruchio's country house.*]

*Enter Grumio.*

*Gru.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters,  
and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten?  
Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so  
weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and  
they are coming after to warm them. Now, 5  
were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very  
lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the  
roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I  
should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with  
blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, 10  
considering the weather, a taller man than I  
will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

*Enter Curtis.*

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst  
slide from my shoulder to my heel with no 15  
greater a run but my head and my neck. A  
fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Gru-  
mio?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; 20  
cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but,  
thou know'st, winter tames man, woman,  
and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master 25  
and my new mistress and myself, fellow Cur-  
tis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a  
foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt 30  
thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee  
to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at  
hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort,  
for being slow in thy hot office?

*Curt.* I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the 35  
world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine;  
and therefore fire. Do thy duty and have thy  
duty, for my master and mistress are almost  
frozen to death. 40

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good  
Grumio, the news.

*Gru.* Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as much  
news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching! 45

*Gru.* Why, therefore fire; for I have caught ex-  
treme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper



ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the gills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? 50

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news. 55

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There. [*Strikes him.*]

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. 65

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, — 70

*Curt.* Both of one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her 75

horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave. 80

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest; let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. 90  
Are they all ready? 95

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 100

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that calls for company to  
countenance her. 105

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter four or five Servingmen.*

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of  
them.

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!

*Phil.* How now, Grumio! 110

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio.

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you;  
fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. 115  
Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and  
all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our mas-  
ter?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and there- 120  
fore be not — Cock's passion, silence! I  
hear my master.

*Enter Petruchio and Katherina.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at door  
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? 125

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*Pet.* Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !  
 You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !  
 What, no attendance ? No regard ? No duty ?  
 Where is the foolish knave I sent before ? 130

*Gru.* Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain ! You whoreson malt-horse  
 drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
 And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, 135  
 And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel ;  
 There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
 And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing ;  
 There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Greg-  
 ory ;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ; 140  
 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Singing.*] "Where is the life that late I led"—  
 Where are those ? — Sit down, Kate, and wel-  
 come. —

Soud, soud, soud, soud ! 145

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet Kate, be  
 merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues ! You villains, when ?

[Sings.] “It was the friar of orders grey,

As he forth walked on his way :” —

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry.      150

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here ; what, ho !

*Enter one with water.*

Where’s my spaniel Troilus ? Sirrah, get you  
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither ;

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted  
with.      155

Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some water ?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

You whoreson villain ! Will you let it fall ?

[Strikes him.]

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you ; ’twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear’d knave ! 160

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?

What’s this ? Mutton ?

*1. Serv.*

Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it ?

*Peter.* I.

*Pet.* ’Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat.      164

What dogs are these ! Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser.

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet. 171

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger ; 175

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company. 180

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Servants severally.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like ?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter Curtis, a servant.*

*Gru.* Where is he ?

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of conti- 185  
nency to her ;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor  
soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither.      190

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.      195

Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;      200

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.      205

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And in conclusion she shall watch all night;  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.      210

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show.

*Exit.*

SCENE II

[*Padua. Before Baptista's house.*]

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

[*Hor.*] Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching. 5

*Enter Bianca [and Lucentio].*

[*Luc.*] Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

*Bian.* What, master, read you ? First resolve me that.

[*Luc.*] I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art ! 9

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart !

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry ! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O spiteful love ! Unconstant womankind !  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. 15

*Hor.* Mistake no more ; I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,





Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest; but have you both forsworn  
me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, 50  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! What, is there such a  
place? 55

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied 60  
An ancient angel coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a *mercatante*, or a pedant,  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father. 65

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?



For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you.  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens. 95

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

*Bion.* [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and  
all one.

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio. 105  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.  
Look that you take upon you as you should;  
You understand me, sir? So shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city. 110  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good.  
This, by the way, I let you understand; 115

My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.  
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.      120  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

[*A room in Petruchio's house.*]

*Enter Katherina and Grumio.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present alms;      5

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; 10

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love,

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;      15

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ? 20

*Kath.* I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. 25

*Kath.* Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay then, I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

*Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say. 35

*Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amort !

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer ?

*Kath.* Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee. 40

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks,      45  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest  
me.      50

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,      55

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,

With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.      60

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?

[*Hab.*] Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

- Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;  
 A velvet dish. Fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy. 65  
 Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.  
 Away with it ! come, let me have a bigger.
- Kath.* I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,  
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70
- Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
 And not till then.
- Hor.* [Aside.] That will not be in haste.
- Kath.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak ;  
 And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.  
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind, 75  
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
 Or else my heart concealing it will break,  
 And rather than it shall, I will be free  
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80
- Pet.* Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,  
 A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.  
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
- Kath.* Love me or love me not, I like the cap ;  
 And it I will have, or I will have none. 85
- [Exit Haberdasher.]
- Pet.* Thy gown ? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.  
 O mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here ?  
 What's this ? A sleeve ? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.  
 What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?



Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] I see she's like to have neither cap nor  
gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time. 95

*Pet.* Marry, and did ; but if you be rememb' red,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

I'll none of it. Hence ! make your best of it. 100

*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-  
able.

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says your worship means to make a pup- 105  
pet of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou  
thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail !  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou ! 110  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread ?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown. 115

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made ? 120

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut ?

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me ; thou hast brav'd many men, 125  
brave not me ; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd.

I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the  
gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces ;  
ergo, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to tes- 130  
tify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said  
so.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown" — 135

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew  
me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with  
a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "With a small compass'd cape" — 140

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "With a trunk sleeve" —

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "The sleeves curiously cut."

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy. 145

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say; an I had thee in place 150 where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds. 155

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mis- 160 tress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
O, fie, fie, fie! 165

*Pet.* [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—  
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.  
Away! I say; commend me to thy master. 170

*Exit Tailor.*

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's  
Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;

(For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ; )

And as the sun breaks through the darkest  
clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 176

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ? 180

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;

And therefore frolic. We will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house. 185

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time. 190

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone, 195

I will not go to-day, and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] Why, so this gallant will command the  
sun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

[*Padua. Before Baptista's house.*]

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.*

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house ; please it you that I call ?

*Ped.* Ay, what else ? And, but I be deceived,  
Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. 5

*Tra.* 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy ;  
'Twere good he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 10  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

*Bion.* I told him that your father was at Venice, 15  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista ; set your countenance, sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare-headed.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told  
you of. 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave. Having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio 25

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself;

And, for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter  
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30

I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd; and if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestowed; 35

For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40

Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,                    45  
The match is made, and all is done.

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best  
We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?                    50

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,  
And happily we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you.                    55  
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here;  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,                    60  
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,  
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,                    65  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Bion.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

*Exit.*

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer ; 70  
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you. *Exeunt [omnes].*

*Re-enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

*Bion.* Cambio !

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello ?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon 75  
you ?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that ?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing ; but has left me here behind,  
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs  
and tokens. 80

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with  
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him ?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the 85  
supper.

*Luc.* And then ?

*Bion.* The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at  
your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this ? 90

*Bion.* I cannot tell. Expect they are busied about  
a counterfeit assurance ; take you assurance of  
her, "*cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*"  
To the church ! Take the priest, clerk, and  
some sufficient honest witnesses. 95



If this be not that you look for, I have no more  
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married  
in an afternoon as she went to the garden for 100  
parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, sir;  
and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed  
me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be  
ready to come against you come with your  
appendix. *Exit.*

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented. 106  
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I  
doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;  
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. *Exit.*

## SCENE V

[*A public road.*]

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Hortensio [and Servants].*

*Pet.* Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our  
father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the  
moon!

*Kath.* The moon? the sun. It is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright. 5

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but  
cross'd! 10

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. 15

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;  
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;  
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias. 25  
But, soft! company is coming here.

*Enter Vincentio.*

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress;  
where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!    30  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman    35  
of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
Whither away, or where is thy abode?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child!  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars            40  
Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad.  
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,            45  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun  
That every thing I look on seemeth green.  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known    50  
Which way thou travellest. If along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd  
me,

My name is call'd Vincentio ; my dwelling Pisa ; 55  
 And bound I am to Padua, there to visit  
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met ; the happier for thy son.  
 And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60  
 I may entitle thee my loving father.  
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
 Nor be not grieved ; she is of good esteem,  
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ; 65  
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio,  
 And wander we to see thy honest son,  
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

*Vin.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
 Upon the company you overtake ?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ; 75  
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

*Exeunt [all but Hortensio].*

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  
 Have to my widow ! and if she be froward,  
 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

*Exit.*

## ACT FIFTH

### SCENE I

[*Padua. Before Lucentio's house.*]

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca. Gremio is out before.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Exeunt [Lucentio and Bianca].*

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; 5  
and then come back to my master's as soon as  
I can. [*Exit.*]

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house.  
My father's bears more toward the market-place; 10  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go.  
I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

*Knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock 15  
louder.

*Pedant looks out of the window.*

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down  
the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken 20  
withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound  
or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he 25  
shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved  
in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivo-  
lous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior  
Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and  
is here at the door to speak with him. 30

*Ped.* Thou liest. His father is come from Padua  
and is here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe  
her. 35

*Pet.* [*To Vincentio.*] Why, how now, gentleman!  
Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you  
another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means

to cozen somebody in this city under my  
countenance. 40

*Re-enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together ;  
God send 'em good shipping ! But who is  
here ? Mine old master Vincentio ! Now  
we are undone and brought to nothing. 45

*Vin.* [*Seeing Biondello.*] Come hither, crack-  
hemp.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you  
forgot me ? 50

*Bion.* Forgot you ? No, sir ; I could not forget  
you, for I never saw you before in all my  
life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou  
never see thy master's father, Vincentio ? 55

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master ? Yes,  
marry, sir ; see where he looks out of the  
window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed ? *Beats Biondello.*

*Bion.* Help, help, help ! here's a madman will  
murder me. [*Exit.*] 60

*Ped.* Help, son ! help, Signior Baptista !  
[*Exit from above.*]

*Pet.* Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the  
end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

*Re-enter Pedant [below], Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my 65  
servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir! Nay, what are you, sir? O  
immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doub-  
let! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copat-  
tain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! 70  
While I play the good husband at home, my  
son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by 75  
your habit, but your words show you a mad-  
man. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear  
pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I  
am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in 80  
Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir.  
Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name! I  
have brought him up ever since he was three 85  
years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucen-  
tio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the  
lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murd'ed his master! 90



Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer.

[*Enter one with an officer.*]

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. 95

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison. 100

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it. 105

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard! To the gaol with him! 110

*Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

*Bion.* O! we are spoil'd and — yonder he is.  
Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all  
undone.

*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as  
may be.*

*Luc.* (*Kneeling.*) Pardon, sweet father.

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son? 115

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne. 120

*Gre.* Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us  
all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio? 125

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at the last 130

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have  
sent me to the gaol. 135

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? Have you married my  
daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go  
to; but I will in, to be reveng'd for this vil-  
lainy. *Exit.* 140

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knav-  
ery. *Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not  
frown. *Exeunt [Lucentio and Bianca].*

*Gre.* My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest, 145  
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.  
*[Exit.]*

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this  
ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou asham'd of me? 150

*Kath.* No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah,  
let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee,  
love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:  
(Better once than never, for never too late.) 155  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*Padua. Lucentio's house.*]

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca [Petruccio, Katherine, Hortensio], and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree ;  
 And time it is, when raging war is done,  
 To smile at scapes and perils overblown.  
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine. 5  
 Brother Petruccio, sister Katherine,  
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,  
 Feast with the best and welcome to my house.  
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;  
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat. 11

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow. 16

*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense.

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.



*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep  
again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two! 45

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.  
You are welcome all.

*Exeunt Bianca [Katherina, and Widow].*

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself; 55  
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, 65  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance  
Let's each one send unto his wife, 66  
And he whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns ! 71

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match ! 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin ?

*Luc.* That will I. 75

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. *Exit.*

*Bap.* Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

How now ! what news ?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy and she cannot come. 81

*Pet.* How ! she is busy and she cannot come !

Is that an answer ?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope, better. 85

*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. *Exit Bion.*

*Pet.* O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

Now, where's my wife? 90

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand.

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; 95

Say, I command her come to me. *Exit Grumio.*

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Re-enter Katherina.*

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither. If they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. 105

{*Exit Katherina.*}



*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
And awful rule, and right supremacy ;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio !      111  
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.      115

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter Katherine, with Bianca and Widow.*

See where she comes and brings your froward  
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.      120

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;

Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

[*Kate throws down her cap.*]

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

*Bian.* Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?      125

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-  
time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong  
women 130

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no  
telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall; and first begin with her. 135

*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.  
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair  
buds, 140

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. 145

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for  
thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 150  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince      155  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?      160  
I am asham'd that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,      166  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts ?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,      170  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most which we indeed least  
are.      175  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot ;  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready ; may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me,  
Kate. 180

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped. 185

[*To Luc.*] 'Twas I won the wager, though you  
hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

*Exeunt Petruchio [and Katherina].*

*Hor.* Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst  
shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*]



## Notes

A list of *Dramatis Personæ* and the division into scenes were the contributions of Rowe in 1709. The act division of the *Folio* is most faulty. The Induction is not separated from the play. *Actus primus, Scæna Prima* is found at the beginning; *Actus tertia* in its right place before Act III; *Actus Quartus, Scena Prima* before IV. iii; and *Actus Quintus* before V. ii. Modern editors differ regarding the scene division of Act IV.

Induction, i. 5. *paucas pallabris*. Sly's corruption of the Spanish, *pocas pallabras*, "few words."

i. 9. Go by, Jeronimy! A current phrase of dismissal drawn from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, III. xii. 31, which at this time was much in men's mouths.

i. 17. This line is parenthetical.

i. 20. coldest fault. Synonymous with *dullest scent* below.

i. 23. at the merest loss. When the scent was entirely lost.

i. 68. If it be husbanded with modesty. If we show due moderation, do not overact.

i. 88. A Player. "Sincklo," of F<sub>1</sub>, was the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company. It appears also in *2 Henry IV*, in *3 Henry VI*, and in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*.

i. 88. Soto. A character in Fletcher's *Women Pleasèd*. As this play was not produced until several years after

Shakespeare's death, the reference here seems to have been an interpolation.

ii. s. d. **Enter aloft.** In the balcony above the Elizabethan stage at the back.

ii. 19, 20. **Burton heath.** This has been identified with Barton-on-the-Heath, sixteen miles from Stratford, in southern Warwickshire.

ii. 22, 23. **Marian Hacket . . . of Wincot.** Shakespeare has transferred to the hamlet of Wincot (four miles from Stratford), where Hackets lived in 1591, the famous ale of Wilnecot in the northern part of the county.

ii. 37-50. A reminiscence of the Marlowe-like lines of the old play.

ii. 52, 53. **Adonis, etc.** This picture recalls *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet VI.

ii. 56, 57. **Io . . . beguiled and surprised.** By Jupiter disguised as a cloud (*Metamorphoses*, I. 588 f.).

ii. 59-62. **Daphne, etc.** The story of Apollo's love and chase of Daphne is elsewhere recalled by Shakespeare: *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 231; *Troilus and Cressida*, I. i. 101.

ii. 90. **seal'd quarts.** Quart-pots officially sealed and stamped as of legal size. Those who used false measures were tried at the *leet* or manor-court.

ii. 95. **Stephen Sly.** A man of this name was servant of William Combe. The other names were probably borne by real men.

I. i. 2. **Padua, nursery of the arts.** The seat of the famous university founded in the thirteenth century. Padua is substituted for "Athens" of the older play.

I. i. 25. ***Mi perdonato.*** Me being pardoned.

I. i. 31. **no stoics nor no stocks.** This pun, seemingly proverbial in Shakespeare's day, occurs in Lyly's *Euphues*: "Who so severe as the Stoyckes, which lyke stockes were moved with no melody."

I. i. 55. **cart.** A word-play upon *court* and *cart*. Carting, or exposing the offender in a cart, was a common punishment of the period.

I. i. 64. An old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales*.

I. i. 79. **Put finger in the eye.** Weep in childish fashion.

I. i. 110. **Our cake's dough,** etc. Still a popular proverb for an unhappy outcome. Cf. V. i. 145.

I. i. 136-137. **at the high cross.** In the market-place, where such crosses often stood.

I. i. 144. **Happy man be his dole.** May his lot be happy! Compare the proverb, "Happy man, happy dole!"

I. i. 145. **He that runs fastest,** etc. Another proverb.

I. i. 159. **Anna.** The sister and confidante of Dido (*Aeneid*, IV. 8, 673 f.).

I. i. 167. *Redime te captum*, etc. "Ransom yourself from captivity as cheaply as you can." This line is quoted from the *Eunuchus* (I. i. 29) of Terence in Lilly's *Latin Grammar*, whence Shakespeare drew.

I. i. 173. **the daughter of Agenor.** Europa.

I. i. 212. **colour'd.** In contrast to the sober livery of the servant.

I. ii. 7. **rebus'd.** Grumio's mistake for "abused." Compare the blunders of Lancelot (*Merchant of Venice*), Dogberry (*Much Ado*), the Nurse (*Romeo and Juliet*),

Dame Quickly (*Henry IV*, *Henry V*), and other low-comedy characters in Shakespeare.

I. ii. 8, 11. knock me. The quibble hinges on the use of *me* as ethical dative.

I. ii. 24. *Con tutto il cuore*, etc. With all my heart, well met.

I. ii. 25. *Alla nostra casa*, etc. Welcome to our house, my much honored Signor Petruchio. See I. ii. 282, below.

I. ii. 28. 'leges in Latin. Grumio mistakes Italian, his native tongue, for Latin.

I. ii. 33. two and thirty, a pip out. A cant phrase for drunkenness, derived from the card-game of Bone-ace, or One-and-thirty. Cf. IV. ii. 57.

I. ii. 69. Florentius' love. In Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, a knight named Florent agrees to marry a beldam if she will solve a riddle on which his life depends. Chaucer tells the same story in his *Wife of Bath's Tale* with different names.

I. ii. 70. As old as Sibyl. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, I. ii. 117, "as old as Sibylla." The reference is to the Cumæan Sibyl, who received from Apollo the gift of as many years as there were grains of sand in a handful.

I. ii. 81. as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Note the enumeration of the diseases of Petruchio's horse, III. ii. 49 f.

I. ii. 151, 152. The word "paper" refers to "note" (145) and "them" to "books."

I. ii. 244. Leda's daughter. Helen.

I. ii. 249. prove a jade. Soon grow weary.

I. ii. 282. I shall be your ben venuto. I shall vouch for your welcome. See I. ii. 25, above.



II. i. 33. dance barefoot on her wedding day. An old custom for elder unmarried sisters at the wedding of a younger.

II. i. 34. Old maids were proverbially doomed to lead apes in hell. Cf. *Much Ado*, II. i. 43.

II. i. 73. Baccare. A stock expression for "Go back!" Compare the proverbial saying, "'Backare,' quoth Mortimer to his sow."

II. i. 174. Cf. *A Shrew*,<sup>1</sup> "As glorious as the morning washt with dew."

II. i. 184. A pun upon *heard* and *hard*.

II. i. 207. Should be ! should — buzz ! A poor word-play on *be* (bee), and on *buzz* in its two meanings. See Glossary.

II. i. 207, 208, 209. buzzard. A play upon the two meanings of inferior hawk and beetle, perhaps with a suggestion of cowardice.

II. i. 268. keep you warm. An allusion to the proverb, "To have wit enough to keep oneself warm." Cf. *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 9.

II. i. 297. Grissel. Patient Griselda, whose story was told by Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer, and was the theme of Elizabethan ballads and plays.

II. i. 320. give me your hands. Join hands in betrothal.

II. i. 326. we will be married o' Sunday. The burden of several songs of the day, one of which appears in Udall's *Roister Doister*.

III. i. 28, 29. *Hic ibat Simois*, etc. The lines are quoted from Ovid's *Heroides*, I, 33-34.

III. i. 36. bearing my port. Bearing himself as me.

III. i. 37. old pantaloon. A stock character of old

Italian comedy, who still appears in pantomime. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. vii. 158.

III. i. 52-53. This is said to deceive the listening Hortensio.

III. ii. 27. to weep. For weeping; a common use of the infinitive as a gerund.

III. ii. 49 ff. Nearly all the diseases of the horse are mentioned in contemporary discourses on horsemanship, particularly those of Blundevill and of Markham; yet Madden remarks (*Diary of Master William Silence*) that Shakespeare's account is "unmistakeably racy of the stable." See note on *Venus and Adonis*, v. 295, in this edition.

III. ii. 70. humour of forty fancies. Probably the title of a collection of short poems such as were called fancies, used here for fantastical ornament.

III. ii. 152. This line recalls "the whining schoolboy," *As You Like It*, II. vii. 145, and "Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books," etc. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 157.

IV. i. 11. taller. Here is a word-play upon the two meanings — its present sense and the signification stouter, stronger.

IV. i. 20, 21. fire, fire, etc. An allusion to a popular catch, "Scotland's burning."

IV. i. 43. Jack, boy! ho! boy! The beginning of an old catch in three parts.

IV. i. 51, 52. "Jacks" and "gills" are used with a quibble upon the names of drinking vessels and servants.

IV. i. 93, 94. garters of an indifferent knit. Tolerably well knit.

IV. i. 143. The first line of an old song, supposed to be sung by one newly married. It is quoted by Pistol (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 146).

IV. i. 148, 149. Another fragment of an old song, — pieced together by Percy from bits in Shakespeare.

IV. i. 157. An allusion to the custom of washing the hands before and after eating in those forkless days.

IV. i. 196. man my haggard. Make my wild hawk accustomed to the man.

IV. i. 211. kill a wife with kindness. A common phrase that later suggested to Heywood the title of his play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1607).

IV. i. 213, 214. "Shrew," rhyming here with "show" and later with "woe" (V. ii. 28-29) and "so" (V. ii. 188-189) is often spelt "shrow."

IV. ii. 3. bears me fair in hand. Deceives me with false hopes.

IV. ii. 57. eleven and twenty. An allusion to the card-game, Trentuno or One-and-thirty. Cf. I. ii. 33.

IV. ii. 61. an ancient angel. A good old soul, an old worthy. Perhaps a heaven-sent messenger. The meaning is in doubt.

IV. iii. 13. As who should say. As if to say.

IV. iii. 43. is sorted to no proof. Proves to be to no purpose.

IV. iii. 96. if you be rememb'ed. If you recall.

IV. iii. 123-126. A play upon words. Cf. Glossary.

IV. iii. 152. bill. A play upon the word, which meant also a weapon.

IV. iv. 93. *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. With privilege of sole printing. These words, inscribed in

the books whose publishers had been granted a special license, suggest here the exclusive rights of marriage.

IV. iv. 105. **appendix.** Another reference to books, applied here to Lucentio's new addition or wife.

IV. v. 25. **against the bias.** Metaphor from the game of bowls, meaning, against the bent or inclination; cf. Glossary.

V. i. 40, 41. **under my countenance.** In my person.

V. i. 43. **good shipping.** Good voyage, good luck.

V. i. 120. **blear'd thine eyne.** Dimmed (or cheated) thy eyes. So Chaucer in his *Manciples Tale*, H. 148, "blered is thyn yë."

V. ii. 41. **horn.** A reference to the horn of the cuckold or dishonored husband.

V. ii. 63. **in good sadness.** In all seriousness.

V. ii. 98. **and there an end.** That's all there is to it.

V. ii. 176. **vail your stomachs.** Lower your pride.

V. ii. 186. **you hit the white.** The white center of the target, with an allusion to the name Bianca = white.



## Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

- Ind. i. 12. thirdborough] Theobald; Headborough Ff Q.  
88. *A Player*] Hanmer; *Sincklo* F<sub>1</sub> Q.
- I. ii. 18. masters] Theobald; mistris Ff Q.  
24. *Con . . . trovato*] Contutti le core bene trobato F<sub>1</sub> Q.  
173. help me] Rowe; help one Ff Q.  
191. Antonio's] Rowe; Butonios F<sub>1</sub> Q.  
214. ours] Theobald (*Thirlby conj.*); yours Ff Q.
- II. i. 3. gawds] Theobald; goods Ff Q.
- III. i. 48-51 *to Luc.*, 52, 53 *to Bian.*, 54-58 *to Hor.* Ff Q.  
81. change] F<sub>2</sub>; charge F<sub>1</sub>. odd] Theobald; old Ff Q
- ii. 30. [old news] Capell; Ff Q *omit.*  
56. sway'd] Hanmer; Waid Ff Q.  
130. to her love] Grant White; sir, Love. Ff Q.  
132. I] Pope; F<sub>1</sub> Q *omit.*
- IV. ii. 13. none] Rowe; me Ff Q.  
71. Take in] Theobald; *Par.* Take me F<sub>1</sub> Q.
- iii. 63. [*Hab.*] Rowe; *Fel.* Ff Q.
- V. ii. 2. done] Rowe; come Ff Q.  
45. bitter] Capell (*Theobald conj.*); better Ff Q.  
128. an] Rowe; five Ff Q.



## Glossary

- A**, he; IV. v. 35; V. i. 39; V. ii. 60.  
**advice**, consideration, reflection; I. i. 117.  
**affied**, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.  
**against**, in anticipation of (the time when); IV. iv. 104.  
**aglet-baby**, small image cut on the tag of a point of lace;  
I. ii. 79.  
**aim'd**, guessed; II. i. 236.  
**amort**, dejected, out of spirits; IV. iii. 36.  
**an**, if; I. i. 79, etc.  
**antic**, eccentric, oddity; Ind. i. 101.  
**argosy**, large merchantman; II. i. 376, 378, 380.  
**arras counterpoints**, counterpanes of arras tapestry;  
II. i. 353.  
**assurance**, legal settlement; II. i. 389, 398; IV. ii. 117;  
IV. iv. 49, 92.  
**baccare**, go back; see note, II. i. 73.  
**balk logic**, chop logic, bandy words; I. i. 34.  
**banquet**, dessert; V. ii. 9.  
**basta**, enough (Italian); I. i. 203.  
**bate**, flutter the wings; IV. i. 199.  
**bay**, "at a bay," the last stand of a deer; V. ii. 56.  
**bear-herd**, keeper of bears for baiting; Ind. ii. 21.  
**begnawn**, gnawed; III. ii. 55.  
**beholding**, beholden; I. ii. 274; II. i. 78.  
**belike**, it is likely; Ind. i. 75; I. i. 103; II. i. 16.  
**bemete**, measure; IV. iii. 113.  
**bemoiled**, bemired; IV. i. 78.  
**bestraught**, distracted; Ind. ii. 27.  
**bias**, weight placed in a bowl to affect its direction;  
IV. v. 25.

- blear'd, blinded, cheated; V. i. 120.  
 books, heraldic registers; II. i. 225.  
 boot, profit, advantage; V. ii. 176.  
 boot-hose, stockings worn instead of boots; III. ii. 68.  
 boss'd, embossed, studded; II. i. 355.  
 bots, worms in a horse's stomach; III. ii. 55.  
 bottom, ball of thread; IV. iii. 138.  
 brach, bitch; Ind. i. 17, 18.  
 brave, handsomely clad; Ind. i. 40; I. ii. 218, s. d.  
 brave, verb, used with a quibble on two meanings: (1)  
   make fine, (2) treat with bravado; IV. iii. 125-126:  
   in second sense; IV. iii. 111; V. i. 124.  
 bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.  
 braves, bullying, insults; III. i. 15.  
 breathed, in full career; Ind. II. 50.  
 breeching scholar, a scholar liable to be breeched or  
   birched; III. i. 18.  
 bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 211.  
 buttery, room where provisions are kept; Ind. i. 102.  
 buzz, an exclamation of contempt, to enjoin silence; II.  
   i. 207.  
 buzzard, in its figurative use of fool; II. i. 207-209.  
  
 candle-cases, receptacles for candle-ends; III. ii. 45.  
 card of ten, the best card; II. i. 407.  
 carouse, drink healths; III. ii. 173, 227.  
 carpets, table-covers; IV. i. 52.  
 censer, vessel for burning perfumes, with perforated cover;  
   IV. iii. 91.  
 chapeless, without chape, the metal part at the end of the  
   scabbard; III. ii. 48.  
 checks, restraints; I. i. 32.  
 clap up, settle hastily; II. i. 327.  
 close, secretly; Ind. i. 127.



- Cock's passion**, God's passion; IV. i. 121.  
**comonty**, Sly's blunder for "comedy"; Ind. ii. 140.  
**conceit**, conception, thought; IV. iii. 162, 163.  
**conditions**, qualities; V. ii. 167.  
**content**, compose, keep temper; II. i. 343.  
**contrive**, spend; I. ii. 276.  
**cony-catching**, cheating; IV. i. 45: "cony-catch'd";  
 V. i. 102.  
**copatain**, high-crowned; V. i. 69.  
**countenance**, grace, honor; IV. i. 101.  
**counterpoints**, counterpanes; II. i. 233.  
**coxcomb**, fool's cap; II. i. 226.  
**crab**, crab-apple; II. i. 230, 231.  
**crack-hemp**, one destined to be hanged; V. i. 46, 47.  
**cullion**, a base fellow; IV. ii. 20.  
**cunning**, skilful, proficient; I. i. 97.  
**curious**, scrupulous; IV. iv. 36.  
**curst**, shrewish; I. i. 185; I. ii. 70, etc.  
**custard-coffin**, raised crust of a pie; IV. iii. 82.
- deep-mouth'd**, with deep-sounding bark; Ind. i. 18.  
**demi-cannon**, a large ordnance; IV. iii. 88.  
**denier**, the twelfth of a sou, the smallest possible sum;  
 Ind. i. 9.  
**diaper**, towel; Ind. i. 57.  
**digress**, deviate from a promise; III. ii. 109.  
**dole**, lot, portion; I. i. 145.  
**domineer**, revel, roister; III. ii. 226.
- embossed**, foaming with exhaustion; Ind. i. 17.  
**encounter**, address, greeting; IV. v. 54.
- face**, used with a quibble on two meanings: (1) trim, turn  
 up; (2) bully; IV. iii. 123-126.

- fair, fine, in finery; II. i. 17.  
 farthingales, hoop-petticoats; IV. iii. 56.  
 fashions, "farcins," a skin disease; III. ii. 53.  
 fay, faith; Ind. ii. 83.  
 fear, frighten; I. ii. 211: with a quibble upon the active  
 and passive meanings; V. ii. 16.  
 fine, in proper trim; IV. i. 139.  
 fives, vives, distemper; III. ii. 54.  
 fool, professional jester; I. i. 65.  
 frets, ridges on a lute, where the strings are pressed;  
 II. i. 150, 153.  
 fretting, becoming shop-worn, being eaten by moths;  
 II. i. 330.  
 furniture, equipment; IV. iii. 182.
- galliases, large galleys; II. i. 380.  
 gamester, merry fellow; II. i. 402.  
 gawds, toys, baubles; II. i. 3.  
 gills, drinking measures of leather; IV. i. 52.  
 gird, taunt, gibe; V. ii. 58.  
 give over, leave; I. ii. 105.  
 gogs-wouns, God's wounds; III. ii. 162.  
 gramercies, great thanks; I. i. 41, 168.  
 gratify, requite; I. ii. 273.  
 green, figuratively, for young, fresh; III. ii. 213; IV. 47.  
 groom, menial (word-play); III. ii. 154, 155, 215.
- haggard, wild hawk; IV. i. 196; IV. ii. 39.  
 hal'd, dragged, hauled; V. i. 111.  
 happily, haply; IV. iv. 54.  
 have, imperative with to, at, used idiomatically in sense of,  
 Let us begin, go, etc.; I. i. 143; IV. v. 78; V. ii. 45.  
 hearken, wait; I. ii. 260.

- high cross**, market place; I. i. 137.  
**hilding**, a good-for-nothing; II. i. 26.  
**hipp'd**, lamed in the hip; III. ii. 49.  
**holidame**, "by my holidame," by my halidom, by my faith; V. ii. 99.  
**humour**, whim, affectation; III. ii. 74.  
**hurly**, hurly-burly, tumult; IV. i. 206.  
**husband**, economist; V. i. 71.  
**husbanded**, economized; Ind. i. 68.  
  
**idle**, foolish, trifling; Ind. ii. 14, 85.  
**indifferent**, equally; I. ii. 181.  
**ingenious**, liberal; I. i. 9.  
**intend**, pretend; IV. i. 206.  
**i-wis**, certainly; I. i. 62.  
  
**jacks**, leather drinking measures; IV. i. 51.  
**jade**, a poor nag; I. ii. 249; II. i. 202; IV. i. 1.  
**jealous**, suspicious; IV. v. 76.  
**jerkin**, jacket; III. ii. 44.  
**join'd-stool**, folding stool; II. i. 199.  
**jolthead**, blockhead; IV. i. 169.  
**jump**, agree; I. i. 195.  
**junkets**, sweetmeats, dainties; III. ii. 250.  
  
**keep**, care, custody; I. ii. 118.  
**kennel**, gutter; IV. iii. 98.  
**kersey**, coarse woolen cloth; III. ii. 68.  
**knack**, knick-knack; IV. iii. 67.  
**kindly**, naturally; Ind. i. 66.  
  
**lampass**, a spongy excrescence above the teeth; III. ii. 53.  
**leet**, manorial court; Ind. ii. 89.  
**ewd**, mean, base; IV. iii. 65.

- lie, sleep, lodge; IV. iv. 56.  
 link, pitch-torch; IV. i. 137.  
 list, desire, please; IV. v. 7.  
 list, selvedge of cloth; III. ii. 69.  
 logger-headed, block-headed; IV. i. 128.  
 lure, a falcon's decoy; IV. i. 195.  
 lusty, lively; II. i. 161; IV. ii. 50.
- malt-horse, a brewer's horse; IV. i. 132.  
 mart, bargain; II. i. 329.  
 meacock, timorous, effeminate; II. i. 315.  
 mercatante, merchant (Italian); IV. ii. 63.  
 mess, dish; IV. iv. 70.  
 mew up, shut up (as of hawks); I. i. 87, 188.  
 minion, hussy; II. i. 13.  
 mose, "mose (*i.e.* mourn) in the chine," a mucous discharge from a horse's nostrils; III. ii. 52.  
 mov'd, vexed, angry; V. ii. 142.  
 moveable, piece of furniture; II. i. 198.  
 muscadel, a sweet wine; III. ii. 174.
- napkin, handkerchief; Ind. i. 127.  
 near-legged, knock-kneed; III. ii. 56, 57.  
 nice, fastidious; III. i. 80.  
 nill, will not; II. i. 273.
- of, on; IV. i. 71; V. ii. 72.  
 orchard, garden; II. i. 112.  
 over-eyeing, observing; Ind. i. 95.
- packing, plotting; V. i. 121.  
 pain, toil, effort; III. i. 12.  
 pantaloon, an old fool, a stock character from Italian comedy; III. i. 37.  
 parle, parlev, negotiation; I. i. 117.

- pass, convey, hand over; IV. ii. 117; IV. iv. 45: transact; IV. iv. 57.
- passing, surpassingly, exceedingly; Ind. i. 67; II. i. 113, 244, 247; III. ii. 24.
- peat, pet; I. i. 78.
- pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 4, 48, 87; IV. ii. 63.
- pedasculc, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 50.
- peereth, comes to view; IV. iii. 176.
- pheese, do for, settle; Ind. i. 1.
- pinch, put in a tight place; II. i. 373.
- plash, pool; I. i. 23.
- points, tagged laces; III. ii. 49.
- porringer, woman's bonnet; IV. iii. 64.
- port, state, style of living; I. i. 208.
- practise, play a trick; Ind. i. 36.
- prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.
- present, immediate; IV. iii. 5, 14.
- presenters, actors; I. i. 253. s. d.
- presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.
- prevented, anticipated; V. ii. 49.
- prick'd, pinned; III. ii. 70.
- pricks, incites; III. ii. 74.
- proceeders, those who advance from stage to stage; IV. ii. 11.
- proof, "to the proof," in proved steel; II. i. 141.
- proper, comely (ironical); I. ii. 144.
- quaint, artful; III. ii. 149: fine, elegant; IV. iii. 102.
- rayed, defiled; III. ii. 53; IV. i. 3.
- rests, remains; I. i. 250.
- rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter, Grumio's word for rhetoric; I. ii. 112.

- roundly, plainly; I. ii. 59; III. ii. 216; IV. iv. 108: with word-play; V. ii. 20.
- rout, crowd of guests; III. ii. 183.
- rudesby, rude fellow; III. ii. 10.
- ruffling, rustling; IV. iii. 60.
- sack, general name for Spanish and Canary wines; Ind. ii. 2, 6.
- sadness, seriousness; V. ii. 63.
- scrivener, writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.
- sessa, be quick; Ind. i. 6.
- sheer (ale), unmixed, neat; Ind. ii. 25.
- shoulder-shotten, with sprained or dislocated shoulder; III. ii. 56.
- shrewd, mischievous, evil; I. i. 185; I. ii. 60, 70, etc.
- simple, silly, foolish; V. ii. 161.
- skills, matters, signifies; III. ii. 134.
- skipper, flighty fellow; II. i. 341.
- slipp'd, let slip, started; V. ii. 52.
- sops, bits of cake soaked in the wine-cup; III. ii. 175, 178.
- soud, an expression of heat and fatigue (coined by the poet); IV. i. 145.
- specialties, special terms or articles of a contract; II. i. 127.
- sped, done for, settled (by unhappy marriage); V. ii. 185.
- speed, succeed; I. ii. 247; II. i. 283, 285: success; II. i. 139.
- spleen, sudden fit of laughter; Ind. i. 137: caprice; III. ii. 10.
- stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 58: bait, decoy; III. i. 90.
- stand, withstand, resist; I. ii. 113.
- stead, assist; I. ii. 266.
- stock, stocking; III. ii. 67.
- stoop, yield, submit (borrowed from falconry); IV. i. 194.
- strange, odd, unusual; I. i. 85.

supposes, appearances, assumed characters; V. i. 120.

swift, quick, witty; V. ii. 54.

swinge, whip, lash; V. ii. 104.

tall, stout, sturdy; IV. iv. 17; see note, IV. i. 11.

tents, bed-hangings; II. i. 354.

thirdborough, constable; Ind. i. 12.

toward, at hand; I. i. 68; V. i. 14: willing, tractable;  
V. ii. 182.

trot, an old woman; I. ii. 79.

trow, think, believe; I. ii. 4, 165.

trunk sleeve, a large wide sleeve; IV. iii. 142.

turtle, turtle-dove; II. i. 208, 209.

twink, twinkling; II. i. 312.

unable, weak; V. ii. 169.

unapt, unfit; V. ii. 166.

uncase, undress; I. i. 212.

unpinked, not pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 136.

untoward, perverse; IV. v. 79.

valance, fringed drapery; II. i. 356.

velure, velvet; III. ii. 62.

very, mere; IV. iii. 32.

vie, seek to outdo; II. i. 311.

wants, are wanting; III. ii. 248, 250.

watch, keep one awake; IV. i. 198.

well seen, well instructed; I. ii. 134.

widowhood, widow's dower; II. i. 125.

wish, commend; I. i. 113; I. ii. 60.

woodcock, a common metaphor for a dullard; I. ii. 161.

yellows, jaundice; III. ii. 54.









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